

Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness (but I'm an atheist) by gala_apples

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Comeplay, Dirty Talk, Established Relationship, F/M, Facials, M/M, Oral Sex, Period Typical Attitudes, Recreational Drug Use

Language: English

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-05-24

Updated: 2021-05-24

Packaged: 2022-03-31 22:13:14

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,472

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Thirty years before the phrase was a meme, Jonathan Byers was out on the mean streets of Hawkins, wanting that twink fucking obliterated.

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Author's Note:

Written for the free square for seasonofkink, I self-prompted bukkake/facials.

Jonathan loves his boyfriend, but sometimes he just wants to mess him up a little bit. The same feelings for Nancy have always been there, the yearning to mess up her suburban girl on the end of the cul de sac persona, the attraction to the idea of her hair out of her ponytail, tousled and sweaty. But Jonathan got lucky there. Far before Jonathan ever got the chance to date her, his fantasies got an outlet. The minute he saw her filthy from worming her way out of the portal tree, part of Jonathan was logging it away for later use, even if most of him was frantic and terrified. There's just something about the dichotomy of pristine and disheveled that gets him.

Steve's even worse. At least Nancy Wheeler is actually very gritty underneath it all. If they were born in a different place, in a different decade, she wouldn't be all heart lockets and pressed skirts. She could be ripped jeans and purposefully smeared eyeliner. She could be a miner or a dockworker and hold her own. Steve's never gonna be anything but pretty. For better or worse, whether he mourns the attitude it left him with in high school or not, Steve's pretty and well-kempt and charismatic. Which isn't to say that he can't hold his own, he's managed a fair bit of Hawkins Lab shit by himself or as the leader of his own group. He just doesn't have the same gritty attitude Nancy does. He's *pretty*. Which leaves Jonathan with the constant feverish urge to destroy him. And that is something he cannot do, because they've only just stepped beyond 'you date Nancy and I'll also date Nancy' to 'let's all date'. If Jonathan comes on too strong, Steve might need to back away slowly. Jonathan can't be the cause of the ruin of this fragile triad.

It's okay though. It's fine. Jonathan channels all his pent up lust into making sure Nancy knows that just because he's finally admitted to finding Steve attractive doesn't mean he's not still deeply into her. Into, too, touching Steve for the first time in a hundred different ways and pressing into him why defying society to have this is worth it. As

long as Jonathan's a gentleman, he can be as appreciatively slutty as he wants, a tolerance he's allowed himself.

The only other part of King Steve that Steve's retained -and the prettiness isn't his fault, it's just his face- is the substance use. If Jonathan'd been kidnapped and drugged and tortured he'd never do drugs again. But he's already sensitive, considering abusive alkie Lonnie. Steve doesn't hold the same trauma, somehow doesn't associate getting intoxicated with getting beaten to a pulp. He doesn't drink much, in deference to Jonathan's comfort level, but smokes three or four times a week, and Jonathan knows for a fact he and Robin have done shrooms a few times.

Jonathan hates alcohol -whiskey especially- but he's okay with weed, so he's sitting with Steve in the always empty Harrington house, joint put out in the ashtray. The high is sinking into his body, as he's sinking into the couch. They do this a lot, him and Steve. Nancy doesn't mind partaking, but she has a lot of things to do after school senior year. Usually any dates, whether it's him and Nancy, Steve and Nancy, or the both of them with her, take place after dinner at the earliest. She might hate her dad and struggle with her mom, but she and Mike have been through too much to not appreciate the time to check in. She'll call later, but for now it's him and Steve and sunlight filtering through sheer peach curtains.

"You know what we haven't talked about as the three of us?" Steve begins.

Telling anyone about us, Jonathan doesn't say. Nancy feels guilty about not telling Mike, a lie of omission pushing her away from bonding with her brother for the umpteenth time, but certain he'd give her as much shit about it as he has anything else she's ever dared to be honest about. Steve's terrified of Dustin looking at him differently, and that Robin will tell him to pick a side. Jonathan knows his mom will blame herself, blame his endless peculiarities on her being a poverty line mentally ill single mother. And yet, there's an urge to brag about the love they've found, to hold hands in public and let the world hate them. One of them can't do it without the other two being on board, it's either a secret or it's not.

If either of them will ever take it, Jonathan doesn't say. They've

jerked each other off, and sucked dick to mouth bursting conclusion, and made out while one of them fucks Nancy. They haven't had gay sex. They've both fucked Nancy enough to comprehend the general mechanics of any kind of sex, but neither of them want to talk about who's going to be the girl.

What they're going to do after graduation, Jonathan doesn't say. Nancy will get into ten universities, easy. Jonathan can't afford so many application fees, but he's pretty confident in his portfolio. And he gets enough secondhand information to know that Robin's reaching for the stars too. And then there's Steve, earnestly enjoying his mediocre minimum wage job because he does it beside one best friend while his minor other best friend drops by at least once a shift. Even if Steve can bring himself to abandon Dustin and the rest of his kids, who will he follow?

"No, what?" is what Jonathan does say, because he's not an idiot. None of those things are being said for a reason. They have such a small window of everything being good, and Jonathan's not slamming the glass prematurely.

"What kinks we're into. Like I know Nancy's. That's not a pissing contest statement, I'm sure you do too. And she knows mine when it comes to her, and yours when it comes to her. But the two of us?"

"I. Uh. I don't think- I mean. I'm not, I don't think, kinky?" Except for the wanting to wreck Steve's entire pristine jock model image thing. But he can't fucking say that, can't be too much, even if Steve is tempting the devil with this kind of conversation starter.

"You wanna take pictures of me, huh," Steve murmurs easily.

"What?"

"You know. Dirty ones. Hand on my cock. Hand on my chest. Biting my lip. Jeans half unzipped, straining briefs showing. Nancy's fingers up my ass. Pictures, right?"

"No," Jonathan whispers.

"Really, you can be honest," Steve says, lolling his head on the

backrest of the couch to look at him. "I'm not like, trapping you, this isn't junior year all over again."

"I mean, I guess. Yes. But really I just want to mess you up." It's hard to finally say it, but Steve's asking for it, right? If this goes too badly they'll just blame it on too much weed tomorrow, sweep it all under the rug. It's the panacea for the masses; if we don't acknowledge it, it didn't happen. Jonathan can buy in just this once.

Steve's nose crinkles adorably. Jonathan spent so long hating him for being a moron that sometimes it hits like a firetruck how cute he is when he doesn't understand something. "Like how? Like fighting and wrestling?"

If Steve can bring up their last days of animosity, Jonathan can too. "I'm not Tommy H. I'm not Billy Hargrove. I have no interest in whaling on you like a chuckling troglodyte."

"Not into rough sex," Steve comments breezily. "That's cool. Noted. But you're missing out. Even if bruises and broken cheekbones aren't fun, wrestling on a king sized bed totally is."

Jonathan is speechless for at least a minute, despite the mind-freeing weed. There's just too much to process. He really doesn't get how Steve can comfortably joke about all the different times he's gotten assaulted. He's not sure if he can pin Steve down, even if asked, both in the strength category and the morality category. Neither Nancy nor Steve has a king sized bed, which means they were horny or spiteful enough to do their sex game in someone else's bed. And honestly, he's still reeling from Steve mentioning Nancy's fingers in his ass. Jonathan thought they didn't do that. Didn't even acknowledge it as a possibility.

Steve's the one to get them back on track. "So not brawling messed up. Then what? You wanna bring food to bed? Not sure I'll find ice cream melting on my chest sexy, but maybe syrup, or strawberries?"

"No. No," Jonathan says firmly. He'd no more remind Steve of working at Scoops Ahoy than he'd talk to Will about burning fire pokers. "Not that. I just. I wanna come on you."

“Oh. Fine.”

“What?”

Steve gives him this look, like Jonathan’s making everything way too difficult. “You can come on me, man. We’ve been jerking each other for a month now, I’m surprised you never just angled yourself the right way at the right time.”

“It’s not just- I want to *mess you up*. I want to stretch your collar and ruin your hairstyle and-”

Steve smirks. “Ahhhh, okay. You wanna rip open my shirt and watch the buttons go flying. You wanna make me a little less All American Boy.”

“Yes,” Jonathan groans. He can’t help it. Steve understands, and he might think it’s funny, not hot, based on his current expression, but he’s not weirded out by it. It’s relief as much as it is the mental image of Steve in a torn open shirt sucking his dick that has Jonathan dropping his head back onto the couch, half hard against his zipper.

“Okay, shit. Wow. Cool. It really does it for you, huh?” Steve’s hand drifts over to cup Jonathan’s bulging crotch.

“Hey, you asked me!” Jonathan protests, trying to save even an inch of his dignity.

“Yeah I did.” Steve’s the slutty master of undoing a fly one handed. He’s showing off the skill now, as he continues to talk. “How about you tell me more, and I’ll get you off? Because if you hadn’t guessed by now? Dirty talk, definitely one of my own kinks.”

After Steve mildly humiliates him slash gets them both off in spectacular fashion, Jonathan thinks the conversation is over. Certainly Steve doesn’t force the topic to continue, just gets kleenexes for the both of them and then pops in a National Lampoon VHS. Jonathan doesn’t have to worry about picking Will up everywhere, not with Lucas now owning his own used car. One of the many pros of that, beyond the obvious of Will always having a fast way out of a shitty situation is it clears his schedule. He’s free to stick around the

Harrington house until Nancy calls and says she has some free time if one of them can come get her. Jonathan is enthusiastically for two orgasms in a night -no one owes the others sex, but there haven't been many times where sex isn't happily doled out- so he fishes Steve's keys off of the coffee table and heads out. Steve can afford to buy more gas than he can.

Of course it's not off of Steve's mind. Jonathan really should have known better. He finds out two days later, when he's at home alone. Mom's at Melvald's, the business having picked up after Star Court's obliteration. Will's at the Wheelers, one of their compromise D&D sessions before the boys girlfriends come over. It's part of the reason Jonathan can't come out to Mom. One of these years Will's going to come out as completely uninterested in sex, in relationships. It's so obvious to everyone already, even if he's only been called out on it once. He'll feel less pressure doing so if Mom can still pin her hopes for a grandchild producing normal child on someone. Jonathan will take that bullet for Will.

Jonathan's contemplating doing his homework when the phone rings. You don't not answer the phone in the Byers house. The rest of the party agrees, sure, always answers if they can, but the visceral terror of it is strongest in mom and himself. He bolts towards the phone with his normal spike of fear, and as is thankfully the current norm, it's nothing dramatic. It's just Steve, telling him he and Nancy will be over in about twenty five minutes, be ready to answer the door.

The Wheeler house isn't twenty five minutes away from Jonathan's house, but he doesn't give it much thought. Maybe Nancy's finishing a worksheet, and Steve was bored enough to make the call early. Maybe they anticipate getting caught by Mr or Mrs Wheeler on the way out. Jonathan knows they have lots to say about Nancy only spending time with two people, both of them boys, and how that looks to the neighbours. She's sure they desperately want to figure out who's the boyfriend and who's the best friend, so they know who to lecture. Hell, maybe she's finally cornered Mike and El for the safe sex talk she's been threatening. Lord knows Mr Door-Open-Three-Inches Hopper isn't going to do it, regardless of the hormonal facts of the situation. It doesn't really matter why the weird delay, because Jonathan can trust in the knowledge that Nancy and Steve won't

abandon him suddenly.

Twenty five minutes gives Jonathan the time to make some cracker crusted pork cutlets that Will and Mom can reheat whenever they need to. Hopper and El come over sometimes too, these days, but they're less likely to just grab from the fridge. He's stacking the frying pans in the proper order back on the stove when the doorbell rings. Jonathan takes a second to scrape his hair back into place -they'll never be Steve's luscious locks, but he knows Steve appreciates the effort- and heads to the front of the house to meet his boyfriend and girlfriend.

And stops dead in his fucking tracks.

Steve's at the door, only Steve, and his face is glistening wet. His hair is sloppy, hairspray in it not enough of a shield for the way it's been manhandled. Fingers tugging on it, Jonathan knows, and thighs crushing the sides. Steve's hair only looks like this after oral, because Nancy leading Steve by the mane gave Jonathan permission to do it too, and he has the sight memorized. Steve's good at it, at sucking cock and licking cunt. Better than Jonathan is, he sometimes worries, but it's hard to hold onto the worry for long when Steve taking the lead means he gets to feel Steve, and see Steve.

Sometimes, when Steve's eating Nancy out, she comes really hard. Like, *really* hard. It's not all the time, maybe one or two times out of ten. Just when she's super ultra turned on. It was a hell of a surprise in Murray's bunker, but considering how much of a jerk he was and still is, Jonathan didn't feel all that guilty leaving his mattress soaked. Now they know to put down a towel just in case. Whether he's causing it or watching it, it's always a stunning sight. Notches right the fuck in to his secret kink. But for Steve's face to be shining in the aftermath of Nancy's most intense orgasm, it means they must have just done it.

"Nancy?" Jonathan asks, hoarse.

Steve grins. "She'll come in when she can walk. Leave it unlocked. Now kiss me, before it dries."

Jonathan has no reason to argue. Jonathan might blow his fucking

brains out if he had to argue against Steve's offer. He's already half hard, just from the visual of it all, but then he gets closer and all his senses engage. Steve tastes like her, smells like her. Jonathan goes to put his hands in one of their common resting places, on the collar of Steve's polo, and the fabric is damp. It's wet, with Nancy's spray, filthy and ruined and in urgent need of a wash. Jonathan's fully hard instantaneously, so quickly he feels like he might faint from all the blood in his body relocating.

"Holy shit, Steve," Jonathan whispers.

"Yeah? Thought so. Good."

Jonathan can't even mind the cockiness, because it's provided him this.

"Come on, Jonny boy. Mess me up. You promised you would."

Jesus. Christ. Jonathan's feeling weak in the knees. And it's that feeling that inspires him. Normally he'd probably go with the sensation, let himself tip onto the nearest bed or couch, or when lacking, even the floor. It's not that he's passive in bed. It's that if his body wants to feel one way in sex he's going to let himself have it. Apart from the who's the girl thing, which is still a problem for another day. But tonight his legs are wobbly from just how immensely turned on he is, and he's not going down. Instead Jonathan tugs downward on Steve's collar, roughly enough that the top button of his shirt strains. Steve takes the hint, dropping until his hands curl around his ankles.

"Suck me, Steve," Jonathan instructs.

Steve makes quick work of Jonathan's old worn jeans, letting them pool round his feet in seconds. His cheek is still slick with Nancy's juices when he presses his face against Jonathan's groin to give his base a few kitten licks. Once Steve's lightly lapped at the whole surface, he moves on from what he's good at to what he's spectacular at. He stretches his mouth wide, and takes Jonathan in to the hilt.

Jonathan digs his fingers into Steve's already flattened hair. Nancy destroyed the integrity of the Fawcett spray, but Jonathan's dying to

add his own touches, make it truly flyaway and obscene. Steve bobs his head and Jonathan not for the first time gets the urge to slap Steve in the face. Not hard, not a lot, just once or twice. Just enough to leave the skin heated and red. Just enough to fuck with his flawless complexion. He never would, he's not a goddamn Russian, or abusive last second martyr Billy, but he wants to, a little. Maybe Steve's got a point about rough being hot in the sheets.

If he's right about that, maybe he's right about other kinks too. Or maybe he's not, and Jonathan's about to sound like a total dipshit. He can live with the feeling. Steve's giving him this moment, Jonathan wants to return the kink favour.

"You're so good at this, Stevie. You uh. You make me want to come. I'm going to. Soon. Come. Not in your mouth. I'm going to pull out, and come on your pretty fuckin' face."

Based on Steve's thick groan, only a little bit muffled by his face buried in Jonathan's pubes, Jonathan is doing good dirty talking work. It's a spur to his admittedly low reservoir of confidence. If Steve actually likes this, he should continue.

"And you're going to leave my house, and walk down the driveway and back to the car, where Nancy's probably still waiting with her panties at her ankles. She gets so tired after a good orgasm. You're good at giving them, I know she's tired. And you're going to show off your pretty face, turn on the car light if you have to. You'll look so good. She'll deserve to see it. Then you're going to eat her out again. Make her squirt again. Rinse off my come with another layer of hers."

Jonathan can imagine it so clearly, for a second. Steve just going back and forth, back and forth, back and forth between the two of them. Building up layer upon layer of sexual fluids, different positions spattering his hair, his expensive name brand shirt, his neatly trimmed fingernails. He can imagine Steve sticky with it all. Reeking of it.

Steve sucks at him still. For someone who's into sexy banter, he never pulls off to engage with what Jonathan's told him. He just keeps going, a total fucking powerhouse when it comes to his mouth, his jaw and tongue and lips. Jonathan can't keep his eyes off his

boyfriend, which is why he misses Nancy opening the front door. He only notices her presence as she's walking towards them.

Her hands are tightly by her sides, fingertips pressing on the pleats of her skirt. Jonathan's seen her do this a fantastic few times. It's a unique action for Nancy, and it can only mean that she's not wearing panties and doesn't want her skirt to go flying up to reveal her sex before she's ready. Jonathan wonders if she tried to put them on before she left the car. If maybe she was still too slick and the fabric got so immediately sopping wet that they wouldn't hold up. He hopes so.

"Hey boys," she murmurs.

"Hi, Nance," Jonathan says for the both of them, Steve unwilling or unable to stop suckling.

Nancy takes a few steps closer, until she's at Jonathan's side. Her left hand curls around his bare asscheek as she looks down on Steve. "Looks like you're having as much fun as Steve hoped you would."

Jonathan shivers at the warm touch of his girlfriend. He's always loved her grasping hands, the clench of them and the tremble of her thighs and the way she sweats. Her hands on his ass when Jonathan knows what he knows now, that her fingers could slide in deeper around the curve and keep going, that she's done that with Steve, are all the more intoxicating.

He wants to show her that she's a part of this. He loves Nancy, and he loves that she suggested this openness. He can't bring himself to let go of Steve's hair, crimping beneath his bent fingers, but Jonathan doesn't need his hands to include Nancy. He twists and bends his head down to start a kiss with the shorter of his two lovers. It's only about the fifth of the day. Now that they're a trio instead of two boys dating the same girl it feels weird to make out too much at school when Steve doesn't have the option of approaching. Uneven.

Nancy tangles her tongue with his, and for a minute Jonathan is under triple assault. Hands on his ass, lips open and wet sliding on his, cock devoured. It's so fucking much, and if this is the reward for getting through all he's gotten through, he'll hop on to it for as long

as he can. When Nancy breaks the kiss, the lust coursing through him leaves Jonathan just faintly smiling, breath heaving in his chest.

“You wanna do it, Jonathan? Come on his face?” Nancy smiles wickedly. “I’ve always found it fun.”

Fucking shit, yes. Yes, he wants it. He’s wanted to scuff him up for what’s seemed like years. And yes, he wants to be able to do something Nancy can do with Steve. He envies how easily she can just get what she wants, sometimes. She’s a girl and she’s supposed to kiss boys, and she’s supposed to get fucked by boys. There’s a lot of ways girls don’t have it easy, but sex isn’t one of them.

Steve demonstrates his enjoyment of Nancy’s dirty words by doubling his efforts on Jonathan’s cock. His mouth is a hot cavernous hole, taking in Jonathan up to the base with ease. Jonathan lets himself go in the sensation. He thrusts forwards, stretching Steve to his limit, and Steve happily takes it. He truly is such a good cocksucker. An oral champion. Would that high school royalty designation have landed him different friends, better, less artificial ones? Hindsight’s a bitch.

Jonathan lets Steve take him to the brink, and then he’s doing the most painful thing in the world; pulling out of Steve’s wet sucking warmth. His balls are screaming betrayal at him. At least until Jonathan wraps a hand around his dick and gives it two, three, five rushed yanks. On the sixth his orgasm uncorks and come sprays out of him. Jonathan widens his eyes as he aims his cock, he doesn’t want to miss a thing.

The first of it lands on Steve’s nose, so Jonathan angles to the left a little. No landing position could be bad, not when it’s a culmination of everything he’s wanted, but it’s more aesthetically pleasing elsewhere. The change works, it’s on his eyebrow now, Steve’s head tilting back so it drools down into his eye rather than drip onto the floor. It’s thick on his eyelashes, clumping like bad mascara. Jonathan’s never seen anything better.

Jonathan keeps coming, the white lines of it arching over Steve’s cheekbone, thin connected stripes like he’s glazing a cinnamon bun. He wishes he could come forever, not just for the overwhelming high

of it, but so he had endless material to paint his pristine canvas with. Not so pristine now. When Jonathan can feel his stream diminishing he makes his final adjustment. He gets closer and makes sure the last weak dribble lands on Steve's pursed lips. His spunk slides into the crevasse of Steve's lips, and yeah Steve's swallowed a few dozen times already, but this feels different. It feels more sneaky, more forced and messy. It's a last bolt of heat to Jonathan's taxed system.

With the last of his sexual energy, Jonathan wipes the wet head of his dick on Steve's formerly dry left cheek. The streak he leaves is less obvious, a shining clear path instead of white ropes, but it's all the more hot for the subtlety. As a photographer Jonathan always has an eye for the less obvious.

Jonathan can't look away. Steve's always been an impressive creature, even when Jonathan hated him, but this way, collar askew and stained jeans from creaming himself and jizz all over his face, he's an angel. If the upside down is all the shit of the universe, maybe there's an opposite, a parallel dimension above it all, where only stupendous things happen. If so, Steve on his knees is it's first venture into Jonathan's reality. It's fucking perfection, the slutty mess of it all.

"What you wanted?" Nancy asks, smile on her face, thighs almost certainly slick once again.

"Yeah. Yeah, thanks, thanks for this. I love you both," Jonathan rushes. Then he's kissing his girlfriend, because he loves her, hands on her hips, rucking up her skirt. And then Steve's slotting in, already on his feet and pressing his come decorated face into the sides of theirs, turning the kiss into a sloppy threeway. And Jonathan loves him too. Both of them, so fucking much that all the unknowns are worth it.